1. Because he should haue swallowed me too,
And when I had beene in his belly,
I would haue kept such a gangling of the Belles,
That he should neuer haue left,
Till he cast Bels, Steeple, Church and Parish vp agayne:
But if the good King *Simonides* were of my minde.

Peri. Simonides?

3. We would purge the land of these Drones,
That rob the Bee of her hony.

Per. How from the fenny subiect of the Sea,
These Fishers tell the infirmities of men,
And from their watry Empire recollect,
All that may men approoue or men detect.
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2. Honest, good fellow, whats that, if it be a day fits you,
Search out of the Kalender, and no body looke after it?

Per. May see the Sea hath cast vpon your coast.

2. What a drunken Knaue was the Sea,
To cast thee in our way?

Per. A man whom both the waters and the winde,
In that vaste Tennis-court, hath made the Ball
For them to play vpon, intreats you pitty him:
He askes of you that neuer vs'd to begge.

1. No friend, cannot you begge?
Heer's them in our country of *Greece*,
Gets more with begging, then we can doe with working.

2. Canst thou catch any Fishes then?

Peri. I neuer practiz'de it.

2. Nay then thou wilt starue sure: for heer's nothing
to be got now-adayes, vnlesse thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I haue beene I haue forgot to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to thinke on:
A man throng'd vp with cold, my veines are chill,
And haue no more of life then may suffize
To giue my tongue that heate to aske your helpe:
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray you see me buried.

1. Die, ke-tha; now gods forbid't, and I haue a gowne
heere, come put it on, keepe thee warme: now afore me
a handsome fellow: Come, thou shalt goe home, & wee'le
haue Flesh for all day, Fish for fasting-dayes and more; or
Puddings and Flap-iacks, and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thanke you, sir.

2. Harke you, my friend, You sayd you could not beg?

Per. I did but craue.

2. But craue?
Then Ile turne crauer too, and so I shall scape whipping.

Per. Why, are you beggers whip't then?

2. Oh not all, my friend, not all: for if all your beggers
were whipt, I would wish no better office, the to be Bea-
dle. But Master, Ile goe draw vp the Net.

Per. How well this honest mirth becomes their labour?

1. Hearke you, sir, doe you know where ye are?

Per. Not well.

1. Why I tell you, this is cal'd *Pantapoles*,
And our King, the good *Symonides*.

Per. The good *Symonides*, doe you call him?

1. I sir; and he deserues so to be cal'd,
For his peaceable raigne, and good gouerment.

Per. He is a happy King, since he gaynes from
His subiects the name of good, by his gouerment.
How farre is his court distant from this shore?

1. Mary sir, halfe a dayes iourney: and Ile tell you,
He hath a faire Daughter, & to morrow is her birth-day,
And there are Princes & Knights come from all parts of
the world, to Iust and Turney for her loue.

Per. Were my fortunes equall to my desires,
I could wish to make one there.

1. O sir, things must be as they may: and what a man
cannot get, he may lawfully deale for his Wiues soule.

Enter the two Fisher-men, drawing vp a Net.

2. Helpe, Master, helpe, heere's a fish hangs in the net
Like a poore mans right in the law, twill hardly come out.
Ha bots on't, tis come at last, & tis turn'd to a rusty Armor.